Lavinia walking in a frosty Morning.

I'th nonnage of a Winters day,
Lavinia glorious as May,
To give the morne an earlier birth,
Paced a mile of crusted earth,
When each place by which she came,
From her veines conceived flame.
The amorous plant began to strive,
Which should first be sinsitive,
Every hoary headed twigge,
Drop'd his Snowy Periwigge,
And each bough his Icy beard,
On either side his walkes was heard;
Whispers of decreped wood,
Calling to their rootes for blood:
The gentle Soyle did mildely greete,
The welcome kisses of her feete,
And to retaine such a Treasure,
Like waxe dissolving tooke her measure.
Lavinia stood amaz'd to see,
Things of yearely certaintie:
Thus to rebell against their Season,
And though a stranger to the Reason,
Backe retiring quench'd their heate,
And Winter tooke his former Seate.

A Sigh sent to his Mistresse

I Sent a Sigh unto my Mistresse Eare,
Which went her way and ne're came there;
I hasted after least some other faire,
Should mildly entertaine this travelling Ayre
Each flowry garden I did search for feare,
It might mistake a Lilly for her Eare.
And having there tooke lodging, still might dw
Hous'd in the Concave of Christall Bell:
I sought amongst the Birds, thinking it migh
Resort for company the wing'd flight,
And so play Truant, but alas each note,
They merrily did warble in the throate;
Told me it was but the mirthy signe,
If one were there, I knew twas none of thine
At last one frosty morning I did spie,
The subtill wanderer in the skie,
At sight of me it trembled, and for feare,
I bare it to my Saint, and pray'd her take,
This new borne off-spring for the Masters sak
Which she perceiving granted me her lippe,
And so preferr'd it to her softer tippe.
And now this pendant burthen now doth hea
Each thing thats whispr'd in her Eare.
I grieve, cause I have lost a teare, and she
With sorrow is more happier farre than me,
Yet there is remedy left to ease me,
Give me but one of hers, and so sheele please

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